

CD 2002--39/42



Faculty of Music  
presents

# Lovestruck!

Music written by composers for their beloveds

Valentine's Day -Thursday, February 14, 2002, 8:00 pm  
Walter Hall, Faculty of Music, University of Toronto

featuring

Michelle Bogdanowicz, mezzo-soprano; Darryl Edwards, tenor;  
Etsuko Kimura, violin; and John Kruspe, piano

## PROGRAM

- |   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| <i>Sonata in A major, op.101</i><br>Etwas lebhaft und mit der innigsten Empfindung<br>Lebhaft. Marschmäßig<br>Langsam und sehnsuchtvoll<br>Geschwinde, doch nicht zu sehr, und mit Entschlossenheit | Ludwig van Beethoven |
| <i>Frühlingssehnsucht from Schwanengesang</i><br><i>Du liebst mich nicht</i><br><i>Ganymed</i><br><i>Die Liebe hat gelogen</i>  | Franz Schubert       |
| <i>Duetto, op.38#6</i>  | Felix Mendelssohn    |
| <i>Études, op.10 #3 in E major; #4 in C# minor</i><br><i>Waltz in A flat major, op.69#1</i>   | Frederic Chopin      |
| <i>Ich möchte hingehn (1845, rev.1860)</i>  | Franz Liszt          |

## INTERMISSION

- |   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| <i>Novelette in F# minor, op.21#8</i>   | Robert Schumann    |
| <i>Regenlied, op.59#3</i><br><i>Wiegenlied, op.49#4</i><br><i>Die Mainacht, op.43#2</i> | Johannes Brahms    |
| <i>Violin Sonata #1 in A major, op.13</i><br>II. Andante<br>III. Allegro vivo           | Gabriel Fauré      |
| <i>Morgen! op.27#4</i>  | Richard Strauss    |
| <i>Sonata, op.1</i>   | Alban Berg         |
| <i>Sonata #4</i><br>Andante<br>Prestissimo volando                                      | Alexander Skryabin |
| <i>Colloque sentimental</i>   | Claude Debussy     |

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*Doubt that the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt I love.*

A quarter of a millennium after Hamlet questioned Copernican theory in his letter to Ophelia, Alice settled the argument in Wonderland:

*Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that  
makes the world go round!*

At least the troubled Dane got one thing right: when the topic is love, then the humdrum, the earthbound, the mortal - all are left behind. The cosmos, the heavens, sun and moon and stars and skies above, now that's

*the story of,  
That's the glory of love.*

When love and music are joined, emotions boil and bubble; and when composers are themselves snagged by love, the results can be astonishing.

Tonight's program is exactly that: a collection of works that - according to existing factual or circumstantial evidence - seem to have been written with a very specific 'someone' in mind.

*Love! his affections do not that way tend...*

As Claudius doubted Hamlet's sincerity, perhaps you may disagree as to the extent that this music was influenced by extra-musical concerns: a composer, after all, does not need the stimulus of external events in order to create a masterwork. But one thing is certain: we should never underestimate the power of love. The words of Sophocles echo to us through the millennia:

*Love unconquerable...  
Even the pure immortals cannot escape you,  
And mortal man, in his one day's dusk,  
Trembles before your glory.*

#### Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

"Unfortunately I have no wife. I have found only one whom I shall no doubt never possess."

In his biography of Beethoven, Maynard Solomon presents a convincing case that Antonie Brentano may have been the woman Beethoven famously referred to as his 'Immortal Belovèd'.

But we also know that there were many other women to whom he was strongly attracted over the course of his life. Of these, none was more significant for him - and especially in their deeply shared language of music - than Baroness Dorothea von Ertmann (1781-1849), his student and a champion of his works, and indeed, since his death, often offered as another plausible solution to the 'Immortal Belovèd' puzzle.

She was one of the most sensitive and admired pianists in Vienna; for Beethoven she was his 'Dorothea-Cäcilia'; on the death of her child he communicated his condolences to her, wordlessly, playing for her for an hour in his apartment.



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And to her in 1816 he dedicated his Sonata in A major op.101, one of his most personal and intimate works. Although he added no programmatic indications to the score, according to his biographer Anton Schindler he intended that the first and third movements were to be thought of as "träumerische Empfindungen" - "dreamlike sensations". This description is easy to imagine: we enter into both of these tender, lyrical movements on the dominant chord, as if the pleasant dream has already begun. The passing of time is marked by the quiet chiming of the hour; eventually we awaken to the joyful and vivacious finale.

### Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Since Schubert's death, the sugar-coated 'Unfinished Symphony' side of his story has been vigorously and successfully shored up whenever truth has threatened; even today, audiences know him mainly as the bearer of the 'divine spark', passed on from Beethoven in the mythology of the 'great composer' pantheon, his tragically short lifespan compensated by that miraculous outpouring of 'over six hundred songs'.

In fact, the darkness of his real story was such that friends and generations of historians would endeavor to hide it. Contracting syphilis in 1822, he spent the rest of his short life afflicted by the disease, and at the end needed a full-time nurse to dress the sores that covered his body.

Even more in need of suppressing than the medical details of this unseemly end was the highly-charged question of his sexuality. The Countess Karoline Esterházy has often been romantically linked to Schubert, in a pleasant but unsubstantiated tale of the unrequited love of a poor musician for a highborn countess. In reality, she was apparently somewhat mentally challenged: her mother reportedly would send her outside to 'play with her hoops' at age thirty. Ten years later she was married, only to have the marriage annulled soon thereafter. In a letter written by Schubert from the Esterházy family's country estate in 1824 (he was employed as her music teacher there in the summers of 1818 and 1824) his words, far from sounding smitten, seem to confirm this situation:

*I sit here alone...without having a single person with whom  
I could speak a sensible word.*

*Frühlingssehnsucht*, excerpted from *Schwanengesang* 'Swan Songs', a group written in the last year of his life, is a metaphor for the inner turmoil he must have long experienced: beauty springing to life all around, but not for him.

*Du liebst mich nicht* and *Die Liebe hat gelogen* are set to poems by August Graf von Platen, a shadowy figure in Schubert's life. There is no existing evidence that the two ever met, but they were certainly in close emotional if not physical proximity: this avowedly gay poet seems to have had an affair with Franz von Bruchmann, one of Schubert's close circle of friends, following Platen's own emotionally devastating breakup of a long-term relationship (a relationship similar in circumstance to one in which Schubert himself was involved). In a subsequent book of poetry Platen inscribed a sonnet 'an F.von B.', while on the facing page there is a sonnet to Shakespeare that is openly homosexual. And when *Die Liebe hat gelogen*, excruciatingly intense and intimately personal, was sent by Platen (through von Bruchmann) to Schubert's personal attention, the composer responded with one of his most powerful creations.

*Ganymed* is a poem by Goethe based on the Greek legend of the son of the Trojan king, who, according to *The Iliad*, was 'the comeliest of mortal men; wherefore the gods carried him off to be Zeus' cupbearer, for his beauty's sake, that he might dwell among the immortals.' The story of Ganymede is one of three major myths in Greek mythology that is forthrightly homosexual, and Goethe's poem barely cloaks the 'unnatural' aspects: we

read of 'flowers', 'grass', 'morning wind', 'the nightingale', 'clouds', all symbols of a nature with which Ganymede eventually becomes one. Perhaps Goethe was merely countering the increasingly strident homophobic rhetoric of early nineteenth-century Germany by making this statement in favour of urbane, cosmopolitan and therefore universal values; for the modern listener, mindful of the recent scholastic debate regarding the meaning of Schubert's reported need for 'young peacocks', *Ganymed* would seem to be an early (1817) harbinger of his fateful last decade.

#### Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Today's tabloid editors would find little dirt to dig up if they bothered to look at Mendelssohn's love life: married at age 28, he fathered three sons and two daughters through what was by most accounts a happy union.

It is the sequence of events immediately prior to his marriage which brings us to tonight's music: in late May of 1836, after directing the Lower Rhine Music Festival in Düsseldorf, he travelled to Frankfurt am Main to spend the summer as interim leader of the Cäcilienverein, a local amateur choral society. He stayed there for several months with the vivacious widow of a minister of the French Reformed Church; but whether or not the two were attracted to each other (apparently she wasn't, he was) mattered little, for he soon fell head over heels in love with her nineteen-year-old daughter, Cécile Jeanrenaud.

The next month, on June 27th, he wrote a beautiful piece for piano which was included in the collection we know as 'Songs Without Words'. Entitled 'Duetto', it is an emotional conversation between two lovers, and thus in all likelihood was directly inspired by Cécile, for on July 24 in a letter to his sister Rebekka he wrote: "I am more frightfully in love than I have ever been in my life, and I do not know what I should do."

It didn't take him too long to resolve his dilemma, for he became engaged to her that same fall, and wedding vows were exchanged on March 28, 1837.

#### Fryderyk Chopin (1810-1849)

There can be little question that George Sand (Aurore Dudevant) was the most influential woman in Chopin's life. Still, there were several others who meant a great deal to him; tonight's music contains connections to two of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Arriving in Paris in 1831, he went straight to the house of Delphine Potocka, a singer that he had met in Dresden two years earlier. Separated from her husband of seven years, she was well-known as a woman of apparently bewitching beauty whose many conquests, royal or not, were left in rapturous admiration, effusive in their descriptions of the cold, inaccessible exterior that hid such smouldering fires.

Chopin soon was soon not only her accompanist but her lover: despite a 20th-century musicological scandal (editing of the correspondence between the two in order to emphasize the more erotic elements) that has tended to cast doubt on the depth of the relationship, its existence is now generally accepted; and her descendants still relate tales of the 'black sheep of the family' who viewed life through a haze of opium.

The famous *Étude in E major*, op.10 #3, was apparently a favourite of hers. It is connected to #4 (both were written in August 1832) not only by the common tone of G sharp, but by the performance instruction *attacca il presto con fuoco* (continue immediately to the *presto*).

\* \* \* \* \*



In 1835 Dresden appears again to have put its spell on Chopin: he spent an intoxicating week there with the Wodzinski family, whose three sons had boarded with his family in Warsaw.

Their sister Maria (and Chopin's pupil back in those days) was now not only attractive young woman but an accomplished pianist and singer (and a talented artist – her portrait of him is the closest likeness to his daguerreotype of 1849 that we possess). In addition, she was conversant in numerous languages, a student of contemporary literature – and a poet: Chopin was mesmerized, and forgot himself totally. The two spent many happy hours together during that week, on long walks and in conversations in a special corner of the Wodzinski drawing room that was named 'Frycek's corner'.

But his vacation, blissfully prolonged until late September, had to come to an end. Before he left Dresden for Paris (and Leipzig, to see Mendelssohn, but where he would also hear Clara Wieck in recital and meet Schumann), he wrote a 'farewell' to Maria; their budding romance would not last, but we have the charming *Waltz in A flat*, op. 69 no.1, as a permanent reminder of that blissful time.

### Franz Liszt (1811-86)

Liszt's reputation as virtuoso-prodigy was already well established in Vienna, London and Paris by 1827. But in that same year, when his father (and tour organizer) died of typhoid fever, he stopped his concertizing; he would support himself and his mother by teaching piano in Paris.

Perhaps it was inevitable that he would fall in love the very next year with one of his first pupils, Caroline de Saint-Cricq. Unfortunately for the young Liszt, however, it was just as inevitable that her father, appointed minister of commerce under Charles X that same year, would stop the relationship dead in its tracks.

Years later, in 1845, having restarted his career as a touring virtuoso, Liszt found himself in the town of Pau, close to the Spanish border, and learned that the piano loaned for the occasion belonged to a Mme d'Artigaux. Recognizing Caroline's married name, he immediately sought her out, and in the next two weeks the former sweethearts reacquainted themselves.

And it was there, for her, that he wrote *Ich möchte hingehn*, a deeply-felt but dark song lamenting man's (and, we infer, the lovers') painful fate, set to the words of Georg Herwegh, a revolutionary soulmate of both Liszt and Wagner.

Still later, in 1860, he underlined the song's significance, as on the revised manuscript he wrote "This is the testament of my youth..."

As it turned out, its historical importance went beyond these biographical details, for in a number of ways the song is quite probably the wellspring for that most influential and controversial of Wagner's operas, *Tristan und Isolde*.

### Robert Schumann (1810-1856) and Clara Wieck (1819-1896)

It is one of the history of music's poignant footnotes that Clara Wieck's development as a composer was cut short by her marriage to Robert: her existing output (almost all written before she was thirty) hints at a rich potential. Even so, she left an indelible mark upon the nineteenth century: after Schumann's death in 1856, finding herself with a house full of young children to raise, she drew upon her already well-established fame as one of Europe's finest pianists to restart her career.

The story of how Friedrich, her father, tried for so long and so hard to block their union is well known. Tonight's work - the last and longest of a set of eight short stories, or *Noveletten* - was written during the winter of 1838 - a cold and bleak one for the young couple. The previous September, Robert had written to his former mentor and future father-in-law, formally requesting the hand of his nineteen-year-old daughter; he responded by whisking her away on a seven-month concert tour.

In keeping with its title, the *Novelette* is highly programmatic in nature: by turns anguished, yearning, resolved, ecstatic, despondent, it suggests the agony of their enforced separation and Schumann's (according to his diary from the time) suicidal state of mind. Clara's presence dominates: for his thematic inspiration he uses the main melody from one of her piano pieces, a very beautiful *Notturmo*, of which he was especially fond. We hear the outline of this theme (A-G-F-E-D) in several guises: first, inverted, as the story opens; later, a 'fare thee well' *motif* which symbolically cuts it in two (A-G -F sharp, F sharp-E-D); and soon after, when Schumann writes in the score "*Stimme aus der Ferne*" (voice from afar), her melody is heard, softly, in the distance. Still later, there is a brief quote from another of his works which also relies on that same *Notturmo* for its inspiration - the earlier *Fantaisie in C* (1836).

### Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

Brahms's attraction to Clara Schumann was instant, irresistible and complex: for much of his adult life she was both mother- and fantasy-figure, best friend and *confidante*, conscience and musical soulmate. Add to all this the fact that she was married, and moreover to Robert, whom he revered, and an emotional portrait emerges of someone for whom a normal male-female relationship was out of the question.

*Regenlied* was one of Clara's favourite songs, and five years later (1878), when Brahms used it as the basis of his first violin sonata, she wrote:

*"How deeply excited I am over your sonata...you can imagine my rapture when in the third movement I once more found my passionately loved melody...I say 'my', because I do not believe that anyone feels the rapture and sadness of it as I do..."*

It is difficult not to think of the 'we' in the song's text as Clara and Johannes, wishing to be returned once more to the innocence and hopefulness of their youth. There is also evidence that Brahms is alluding to a very specific past, as he includes three crucial ingredients from Schumann's *Novelette* #8: besides being in the same key of F# minor, embedded in the main theme of *Regenlied* is the inversion of Robert's theme (which was in turn the inversion of Clara's *Notturmo* theme); there is also a reference to the opening song of Schumann's cycle *Dichterliebe*. And later in the *Regenlied*, just prior to the reprise, Brahms includes the same chromatic move used by Schumann to introduce Clara's melody "*aus der Ferne*" in the *Novelette*.

\* \* \* \* \*

If Brahms can be labelled a misogynist, then it was in the Hamburg of his youth that such an attitude would have been nurtured: forced to play in seedy waterfront bars and perform all sorts of unmentionable acts, he acquired a deep-rooted fear of intimacy.

Still, there was at least one woman in Hamburg whom he could love; and although his relationship with Bertha Porubzsky didn't last, he must have kept her close to his heart, for when in 1868 she bore a second child to her husband Arthur Faber, Brahms presented her with a *Wiegenlied*, one of the best-known melodies of all time. Hidden in the accompaniment is an old Viennese *Ländler* that Bertha used to sing to him back in Hamburg, when she was young and he loved her.



To her husband he wrote:

*"Frau Bertha will realize that I wrote the 'Wiegenlied' for her little one. She will find it quite in order...that while she is singing Hans to sleep, a love song is being sung to her."*

\* \* \* \* \*

Of all his romantic yearnings, perhaps the most bitter pill for Brahms to swallow was that a union with Clara's beautiful daughter Julie was not to be. As early as 1861 he had become hopelessly infatuated with her, admiring her secretly, always from a proper distance, patiently biding his time, perhaps with a specific plan in mind for his eventual 'coming-out', perhaps not; in any case, as time passed, the unresolved tension in the Schumann household during his visits became unbearable, and when in May of 1869 Clara announced Julie's betrothal to an Italian nobleman, Brahms choked out a response and quickly exited. The dark, personal work that followed, the *Alto Rhapsody*, was, in his own words, whether in bitterness, nostalgia or humour, a 'bridal song'.

*Die Mainacht*, written during his 'Julie' period, shares the scenario of the *Rhapsody*; one can imagine the tormented Brahms, wandering alone in the moonlight, two doves cooing their ecstasy but he, turning away, seeking deeper shadows, a 'hot tear' rolling down his cheek.

#### Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Fauré began writing at age sixteen, and his talents were soon noticed: upon graduation in 1865 he was awarded the *premiers prix* in composition, fugue and counterpoint. But his first job, as organist in a small town, was stifling, and so after five years he set himself up in Paris.

There in 1872 he met and fell in love with Marianne Viardot (her mother, Pauline, a lifelong friend of Clara Schumann, was a well-known singer who had soloed in the first performance of Brahms's *Alto Rhapsody*). Five years later they became engaged; several months later he was astonished and heartbroken when she nervously backed out of the relationship.

The *Sonata #1*, dedicated to her brother Paul (a violinist, conductor and composer), was written the year before Fauré proposed; the second movement's throbbing 9/8 repeated-note accompaniment is as close to a musical representation of a heartbeat as one could imagine.

#### Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

For his whole life, *Tristan und Isolde* was Strauss's favourite opera (along with Mozart's *Così fan tutte*), despite his father's stern injunction to abstain from such a dangerous and immoral work. When he came upon it at age seventeen, he devoured the score 'as if in a trance', and when he conducted it for the first time in 1892, the rôle of Isolde was sung by his soon-to-be bride, Pauline de Ahna. He had first heard her while on vacation in 1887 at a family villa; she lived close by, and he immediately fell in love with her voice - and with her.

His four songs of op.27, which includes the wondrous *Morgen*, were a wedding present.

Pauline continued to inspire him throughout his life, and the fractious but successful marriage celebrated its golden anniversary on September 10, 1944 - nine days after Joseph Goebbels closed all of the opera houses and theatres in Germany, and five months before his beloved Dresden Opera House was reduced to rubble.

## Alban Berg (1885-1935)

This story is another 'he's not good enough for my daughter' drama. Ironically, (and probably Helene Nahowski's father was aware of this as well) she quite possibly *was* someone out of the ordinary: according to family legend, Helene was the offspring of an eleven-year secret liaison between the emperor Franz Josef II and her mother, Anna. The Nahowski villa was located conveniently close to Schönbrunn, and for his early morning visits (usually around 4 am) the Emperor would leave the palace grounds by a small, inconspicuous garden door, cross the street, and by means of a side entrance, let himself into the villa (he had his own key) and climb a winding staircase to Anna's private salon.

To what extent this 'noble breeding' was a factor in her father's disapproval of the young composer isn't clear - in fact, from the letters between the two during their clandestine relationship we read that she too was treated less than kindly by her father, perhaps because of her illegitimate origin. In any case, we do know that it was only after a long and protracted battle of wills that permission to marry was finally granted.

That permission came in late August 1910 (the wedding was the following May). Earlier in the same month he had sent a copy of his *Sonata* to her; he had worked on it throughout the tumultuous two years of their relationship, during which time he was often despairing to the point of being suicidal. A one-movement, expressionist work of intense passion, its language reflects not only his studies with Arnold Schönberg but also his love of Wagner's music, and specifically *Tristan und Isolde*. There are many references to the opera in his letters, and he at times referred to Helene as 'my Isolde'. A sample:

*'Someone who could write Tristan must surely have believed in love with the utmost conviction...My beautiful one, ...this music, written in love, will touch strings in you to produce a pure, beautiful tone...'*

The *Sonata*'s opening *motifs* and sonorities originate in the opera's famous *Prelude*, and we are led to the *Tristan* chord at numerous climactic moments; Berg has even underscored several of those by means of a *caesura*.

Another musical reference from those early letters is worth quoting:

*Again and again I kiss that hand of yours,  
my most glorious Symphony in D Minor!*

D minor was Helene's favourite key, and it makes several significant appearances in the *Sonata*.

The tonality of the *Sonata*, however, is B (for Berg?) minor; the predictable modal drama is very much in evidence as the major and minor thirds are engaged in a constant struggle (represented by a duality between the two spellings E flat and D sharp). In the same way, though to a lesser extent, there is a duality between (Helene's) more tragic D minor and the key one would normally expect to encounter in a sonata in B minor, that is to say D major, the traditional key of choice for the 'second theme'. Berg uses the lovely D major theme as a respite from the constant turmoil of dissonance and instability; perhaps coincidentally, its first two sonorities are identical to those used by Tchaikowsky in another sad tale of a forbidden relationship: the *Overture to Romeo and Juliet*.



### Alexander Skryabin (1872-1915)

Small of stature, mercurial, eccentric and egocentric, hypersensitive, willful and demanding, Skryabin was a Russian aristocrat who was also one of the best pianists of his time (he won the Moscow Conservatory's gold medal upon graduation - Rachmaninov had won the first).

The bulk of his output, understandably, is for piano, and can be separated into three quite distinct styles: works up until 1903, which are very much in the style of Chopin, even to the names (mazurkas, preludes, études); music written in 1903, in which an increased chromaticism begins to strain the tonal boundaries; and that written in 1905 and later, when the tritone-laced harmonies of 1903 are gradually expanded to fourth chords and an increasingly nebulous approach to tonality.

The late summer and early fall of 1903 was the most nerve-racking period of his life: he was writing against time, putting together some 36 pieces to send to his publisher, the indulgent and understanding former timber merchant Mitrofan Belaieff. The resulting payment would allow him to carry out his master plan: he wanted to 'escape' to Switzerland with his mistress, his composition student Tatyana Schloezer.

He had married Vera Isaakovich, also an excellent pianist and Conservatory colleague, in 1897, but by 1903, in Tatyana's words:

*"They were strangers...The atmosphere in the house was stiff as starch. Alexander Nikolaevich seemed to be visiting instead of being at home...Then he said to me that it would be better were we to meet in my furnished rooms at the 'Prince' in Gazetny...He followed this by saying that he was not suggesting this as a gentleman, and said that our acquaintance would appear to the world as a dalliance."*

In Sonata #4, we are given a glimpse into these goings-on: there is the dreamy, sensual first movement, erotic in its deliberate beauty, the 'Tristan' chord with the instruction *con voglia* (with 'desire', or 'will'). The second movement, marked *volando* ('flying'), follows without interruption, and the opening movement's melody reappears at the end, in a climactic apotheosis. In Skryabin's words,

*"(for me) the creative act is inextricably linked to the sexual act....maximum creativity equals maximum eroticism. Look at Wagner. Tristan is his maximum..."*

### Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Perhaps as a reaction to a series of illicit relationships, Debussy proceeded to acquire a patina of respectability in 1899 by marrying a mannequin, Lilly Texier; although she lacked education, talent or dowry (her father was a railway telegraph inspector) she was used to pinching pennies, and so the fact that her husband had to teach a piano lesson on the day he was married in order to pay for their wedding breakfast probably didn't strike her as a bad omen. In any case, she knew what to expect from him: they had already tried living together once before, unsuccessfully.

Four years later, one of Debussy's piano students, Raoul Bardac, invited Claude and Lilly to his parents' house for dinner. He probably would have had second thoughts about arranging the evening (in fact, he did express his regrets later in life) if he had known that his mother, the singer Emma Bardac, had had her eye on the famous composer for quite some time. Unhappily married, and the same age as Debussy, she was the dedicatée of Fauré's song cycle *La Bonne Chanson*, having had an *affaire* with him ten years earlier.

Needless to say, Emma swept Debussy off his feet. Impulsive, witty, yet at the same time elegant and reserved, intelligent, attractive, musically sensitive, she had charmed many men but had always returned to her wealthy banker-husband. This time, the *liaison* led to Debussy's second marriage, though not before the ensuing *scandale* had alienated some of his closest friends and supporters: in her grief, Lilly shot herself in a suicide attempt, and was forced to live in poverty.

*Colloque sentimental* is the third and last song of the second series he titled *Fêtes galantes*, after poems by Paul Verlaine, written in that joyous but rending summer of 1904. Its irony is multilayered: on the one hand it could be a farewell to Lilly, as the two ghostly lovers talk of what once was and now is no more; or perhaps the two protagonists represent Claude and Emma at some point in the future, nostalgic for the ecstasy of the early days of their relationship (a reference to Debussy's *Soirée en Grenade* hinting at the music he may have been playing on the occasion of their first kiss, with the scene's heat signalled by a 'Tristan' chord). Or, beneath the personal memories, perhaps we are also witnessing, as has been suggested, the composer/poet's yearnings at the *fin-de-siècle* for the Romanticism he once loved: the sky is blue in the remembered romantic past and black in the disillusioned present.



## Song Texts

Franz Schubert

### *Frühlingssehnsucht (Spring Longing)*

Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860)

D957 #3 of *Schwanengesang* (composed August 1828)

Säuselnde Lüfte wehend so mild,  
Blumiger Düfte atmend erfüllt!  
Wie haucht ihr mich wonnig begrüßend an!  
Wie habt ihr dem pochenden Herzen getan?  
Es möchte euch folgen auf luftiger Bahn,  
Wohin?

Bächlein, so munter rauschend zumal,  
Wollen hinunter silbern in's Tal.  
Die schwebende Welle, dort eilt sie dahin!  
Tief spiegeln sich Fluren und Himmel darin.  
Was ziehst du mich, sehnend verlangender Sinn,  
Hinab? Hinab?

Grüssender Sonne spielendes Gold,  
Hoffende Wonne bringest du hold.  
Wie labt mich dein selig begrüßendes Bild!  
Es lächelt am tiefblauen Himmel so mild  
Und hat mir das Auge mit Tränen gefüllt! -  
Warum?

Grünend umkränzt Wälder und Höh'  
Schimmernd erglänzt Blütenschnee.  
So dränget sich alles zum bräutlichen Licht;  
Es schwellen die Keime, die Knospe bricht;  
Sie haben gefunden, was ihnen gebricht:  
Und du?

Rastloses Sehnen! Wünschendes Herz,  
Immer nur Tränen, Klage und Schmerz?  
Auch ich bin mir schwellender Triebe bewusst!  
Wer stillt mir endlich die drängende Lust?  
Nur du befreist den Lenz in der Brust,  
Nur du!

Whispering breezes, blowing so gently,  
Exuding the fragrance of flowers,  
How blissful to me is your welcoming breath!  
What have you done to my beating heart?  
It yearns to follow you on your airy path.  
Where to?

Silver brooklets, babbling so merrily,  
Seek the valley below.  
Their ripples glide swiftly by!  
The fields and the sky are deeply mirrored there.  
Why yearning, craving senses, do you draw me  
Downwards?

Sparkling gold of the welcoming sun,  
You bring the fair joy of hope.  
How your happy, welcoming countenance refreshes me!  
It smiles so benignly in the deep blue sky  
And yet has filled my eyes with tears.  
Why?

The woods and hills are wreathed in green.  
Snowy blossom shimmers and gleams.  
All things strain towards the bridal light;  
Seeds swell, buds burst;  
They have found what they lacked:  
And you?

Restless longing, yearning heart,  
Are there always only tears, complaints and pain?  
I too am aware of swelling impulses!  
Who at last will still my urgent desire?  
Only you can free the spring in my heart,  
Only you!

Franz Schubert

*Du liebst mich nicht (You do not love me)*

August Graf von Platen (1796-1835)

D756 composed July 1822; published in September 1826 as op.59 #1

Mein Herz ist zerrissen, du liebst mich nicht!  
Du liessest mich's wissen, du liebst mich nicht!  
Wie wohl ich dir flehend und werbend erschien,  
Und liebebeflissen, du liebst mich nicht!  
Du hast es gesprochen, mit Worten gesagt,  
Mit allzu gewissen, du liebst mich nicht!  
So soll ich die Sterne, so soll ich den Mond,  
Die Sonne vermissen, du liebst mich nicht!  
Was blüht mir die Rose, was blüht der Jasmin,  
Was blühen die Narzissen, du liebst mich nicht!

My heart is broken; you do not love me.  
You gave me to know that you do not love me.  
Though I appeared before you, entreating, wooing,  
Zealously loving, you do not love me.  
You told me so, you said it in words,  
All too explicitly: you do not love me.  
Then I must forego the stars, the moon  
And the sun. You do not love me.  
What is it to me that the rose blooms,  
The jasmine and the narcissus? You do not love me.

*Ganymed (Ganymede)*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

D544 composed March 1817; published in 1825 (op.19 #3)

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herze drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!  
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!

How your glow envelops me  
In the morning radiance  
Spring, my beloved!  
With love's thousandfold joy  
The hallowed sensation  
Of your eternal warmth  
Floods my heart,  
Infinite beauty!  
O that I might clasp you  
In my arms!

Ach, an diesen Busen  
Lieg ich und schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.

Ah, on your breast  
I lie languishing,  
And your flowers, your grass  
Press close to my heart.  
You cool the burning  
Thirst within my breast,  
Sweet morning breeze,  
As the nightingale calls  
Tenderly to me from the misty valley.

Ich komm', ich komme!  
Ach wohin, wohin?

I come, I come!  
But whither? Ah, whither?

Hinauf strebt's hinauf!  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehnenden Liebe.  
Mir! Mir!  
In eurem Schosse  
Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfassen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Alliebender Vater!

Upwards! Strive upwards!  
The clouds drift  
Down, yielding  
To yearning love.  
To me, to me!  
In your lap,  
Upwards,  
Embracing and embraced!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
All-loving Father!



## Franz Schubert

### *Die Liebe hat gelogen (Love has Lied)*

August Graf von Platen

D751 (composed Spring 1822)

Die Liebe hat gelogen,  
Die Sorge lastet schwer,  
Betrogen, ach, betrogen  
Hat alles mich umher!

Love has lied;  
Care weighs heavily upon me.  
Alas, I am deceived, deceived  
By all around me!

Es fließen heiße Tropfen  
Die Wange stets herab,  
Lass ab, mein Herz, zu klopfen,  
Du armes Herz, lass ab.

Hot tears flow  
Ceaselessly down my cheek.  
Heart, beat no more;  
You poor heart, beat no more!

## Franz Liszt

### *Ich möchte hingehn (Would that I might pass away)*

Georg Herwegh (1817-75)

(composed 1845, rev. 1860)

Ich möchte hingehn wie das Abendrot  
Und wie der Tag mit seinen letzten Gluten  
O leichter, sanfter, ungefüllter Tod -  
Mich in den Schoß des Ewigen verbluten!

Would that I might pass away like the sunset glow  
Or like the day, with its last rays -  
O easy, gentle, imperceptible death -  
To perish in the bosom of the Eternal!

Ich möchte hingehn wie der heitre Stern  
Im vollsten Glanz, in ungeschwächtem Blinken,  
So still und schmerzlos möchte gern ich  
In des Himmels blaue Tiefe sinken!

Would that I might pass away like the bright star  
In its fullest radiance, twinkling undimmed;  
Would that I might sink as silently  
And painlessly into heaven's blue depths!

Ich möchte hingehn wie der Blume Duft,  
Die freudig sich dem schönen Kelch entringet,  
Und auf dem Fittig blütenschwangrer Luft  
Als Weihrauch auf des Herrn Altar sich schwinget.

Would that I might pass away like the flower's scent  
That joyfully breaks from the lovely calyx,  
And on the wings of the blossom-laden air  
Soars like incense to the altar of the Lord.

Ich möchte hingehn wie der Tau im Tal,  
Wenn durstig ihm des Morgens Feuer winken -  
O, wollte Gott, wie ihn der Sonnenstrahl,  
Auch meine lebensmüde Seele trinken!

Would that I might pass away like the dew in the valley  
When the thirsty fires of dawn summon it -  
O would that, as the sunshine drinks it,  
God would drink my soul, that is so weary of life!

Ich möchte hingehn wie der bange Ton,  
Der aus den Saiten einer Harfe dringet,  
Und, kaum dem irdischen Metall entflohn,  
Ein Wohlklang in des Schöpfers Brust verklinget.

Would that I might pass away like the fleeting note  
That comes from the strings of a harp,  
And, scarcely released from the earthly metal,  
Dies away as a harmony in the Creator's breast.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Du wirst nicht hingehn wie das Abendrot,  
Du wirst nicht stille wie der Stern versinken,  
Du stirbst nicht einer Blume leichten Tod,  
Kein Morgenstrahl wird deine Seele trinken!

You will not pass away like the sunset glow,  
You will not sink in silence as the star,  
You will not die the easy death of a flower,  
No morning ray will drink in your soul.

Wohl wirst du hingehn, hingehn ohne Spur,  
Doch wird das Elend deine Kraft erst schwächen,  
Sanft stirbt es einzig sich in der Natur,  
Das arme Menschenherz muß stückweis brechen!

You will indeed pass away, leaving no trace,  
But misery will first sap your strength;  
Only in nature does death come gently;  
Mankind's poor heart must break in pieces!

## Johannes Brahms

*Regenlied (Rain Song)*  
Klaus Groth (1819-99)  
(op.59#3, composed 1873)

Walle, Regen, walle nieder,  
Wecke mir die Träume wieder,  
Die ich in der Kindheit träumte,  
Wenn das Naß im Sande schäumte!

Wenn die matte Sommerschwüle  
Lässig stritt mit frischer Kühle,  
Und die blanken Blätter tauten,  
Und die Saaten dunkler blauten.

Welche Wonne, in dem Flieäen  
Dann zu stehn mit nackten Füßen,  
An dem Grase hin zu streifen  
Und den Schaum mit Händen greifen.

Oder mit den heißen Wangen  
Kalte Tropfen aufzufangen,  
Und den neuerwachten Düften  
Seine Kinderbrust zu lüften!

Wie die Kelche, die da troffen,  
Wie die Blumen, düftertrunken,  
In dem Himmelstau versunken.

Schauernd kühlte jeder Tropfen  
Tief bis an des Herzens Klopfen,  
Und der Schöpfung heilig Weben  
Drang bis ins verborgne Leben.

Walle, Regen, walle nieder,  
Wecke meine alten Lieder,  
Die wir in der Türe sangen,  
Wenn die Tropfen draußen klangen!

Möchte ihnen wieder lauschen,  
Ihrem süßen, feuchten Rauschen,  
Meine Seele sanft betauen  
Mit dem frommen Kindergrauen.

Pour, rain, pour down,  
Awaken in me those dreams  
That I dreamt in childhood,  
When the wetness foamed in the sand!

When the dull summer sultriness  
Struggled casually against the fresh coolness,  
And the pale leaves dripped with dew,  
And the crops were dyed a deeper blue.

What bliss to stand in the downpour  
With bare feet,  
To reach into the grass  
And touch the foam with one's hands!

Or upon hot cheeks,  
To catch the cold drops,  
And with the newly awakened fragrances  
To air one's childish breast!

The soul breathes openly,  
Like the flowers, drunk with fragrance,  
Drowning in the dew of the Heavens.

Every trembling drop cooled  
Deep down to the heart's very beating,  
And creation's holy web  
Pierced into my hidden life.

Pour, rain, pour down,  
Awaken the old songs,  
That we used to sing in the doorway  
When the raindrops pattered outside!

I would like to listen to it again,  
That sweet, moist rushing,  
My soul gently bedewed  
With holy, childlike awe.



## Johannes Brahms

### *Wiegenlied (Lullaby)*

text from Des Knaben Wunderhorn , 1808 (first stanza)

Second stanza by Georg Scherer (1824-1909)

op.49#4 (composed 1868)

Guten Abend, gut Nacht,	Good evening, good night,
Mit Rosen bedacht,	Bedecked with roses,
Mit Näglein besteckt,	Covered with carnations,
Schlupf unter die Deck':	Slip under the blanket
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,	Early tomorrow, God willing,
Wirst du wieder geweckt.	Will you be woken again.

Guten Abend, gut Nacht,	Good evening, good night,
Von Englein bewacht,	Guarded by angels,
Die zeigen um Traum	Who indicate to you by dream
Dir Christkindleins Baum:	The tree of the Christ child:
Schlaf nun selig und süß	Sleep now blissfully and sweetly,
Schau im Traum's Paradies.	Behold Paradise in your dreams.

### *Die Mainacht (May Night)*

Ludwig Hölty (1748-1776)

op.43#2 (composed 1864)

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche blinkt,	When the silvery moon beams through the shrubs
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen streut,	And over the lawn scatters its slumbering light,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,	And the nightingale sings,
Wandl'ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.	I walk sadly from bush to bush.

Selig preis ich dich dann, flötende Nachtigall,	I guess you're happy, fluting nightingale,
Weil dein Weibchen mit dir wohnen in einem Nest,	For your wife lives in one nest with you,
Ihrem singende Gatten	Giving her singing spouse
Tausen trauliche Küsse gibt.	A thousand faithful kisses.

Überhüllet von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar	Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,	Coo their delight to me;
Suche dunklere Schatten,	But I turn away seeking darker shadows,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.	And a lonely tear flows.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot	When, o smiling image that like dawn
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find ich auf Erden dich?	Shines through my soul, shall I find you on earth?
Und die einsame Träne	And the lonely tear flows trembling,
Bebt mir heißer die Wang herab!	Burning, down my cheek.

## Richard Strauss

*Morgen! (Tomorrow!)*  
(John Henry Mackay 1864-1933)  
op.27#4 (composed 1894)

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,  
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen  
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,  
and on the path I will take,  
it will unite us again, we happy ones,  
upon this sun-breathing earth...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen.

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue waves,  
we will descend quietly and slowly;  
we will look mutely into each other's eyes  
and the silence of happiness will settle upon us.

## Claude Debussy

*Colloque sentimental (Sentimental Colloquy)*  
(Paul Verlaine 1844 - 1896)  
from *Fêtes galantes II* (composed 1904)

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé  
Deux formes ont tout à l'heure passé.

In the old park, solitary and icy,  
Two forms have just passed by.

Leurs yeux sont morts et lèvres sont molles,  
Et l'on entend ... peine leurs paroles.

Their eyes are dead and their lips are slack,  
And one hardly hears their words.

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé  
Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé.

In the old park, solitary and icy,  
Two spectres have evoked the past.

- Te souvient-il de notre extase ancienne?  
- Pourquoi voulez-vous donc qu'il m'en souviennne?

"Do you remember our former ecstasy?"  
"Why do you want me to remember it?"

- Ton cœur bat-il toujours à mon seul nom?  
Toujours vois-tu mon âme en rêve? - Non.

"Does your heart still throb when hearing my name alone?  
Do you still see my soul in your dreams?" "No."

- Ah! les beaux jours de bonheur indicible  
Où nous joignons nos bouches! - C'est possible.

"Ah! the lovely days of inexpressible happiness  
"When we used to join our lips!" "It is possible."

- Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand l'espoir!  
- L'espoir a fui, vaincu, vers le ciel noir.

"How blue it was, the sky, and how great the hope!"  
"Hope has fled, vanquished, toward the black sky."

Tels ils marchaient dans les avoines folles,  
Et la nuit seule entendit leurs paroles.

Thus they walked in the wild oat-grass,  
And only the night heard their words.



## Biographies

Mezzo-Soprano **Michèle Bogdanowicz** has won many scholarships, awards and First place prizes in Canada. She has performed as a soloist in the Aldeburgh Festival, the Orford Festival and the Brevard Music Festival, and has been a soloist with the U. of T. Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Symphonietta and various orchestras in Ontario. She has performed several rôles for Opera in Concert, and last year performed the title rôle in the University of Toronto Opera Division's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*; this year she performed the rôle of Nancy in Britten's *Albert Herring* to both critical and public acclaim. She is looking forward to performing with the St. Lawrence String Quartet next month.

Tenor **Darryl Edwards** enjoys a thriving career as an accomplished singer and teacher. He has appeared to critical acclaim in opera, oratorio, and recital in England, Germany, France, Corsica, the United States, and across Canada. *"Most impressive was Darryl Edwards in the main role: it is almost unbelievable, what an effortless, unclouded ray of musical strength this tenor possesses. He mastered his part, using his large spectrum of rich vocal colours."* (Würzburg, Germany) He has been broadcast on the CBC and Illinois Radio, and his recordings include John Cage's *Europæa 5* and Ruth Watson Henderson's *The Last Straw*. Prof. Edwards teaches at the University of Toronto Faculty of Music. He is in high demand as an adjudicator across Canada; he recently adjudicated the vocal finals for the Alberta and Manitoba Provincial Music Festivals, as well as for the 1999 Eckhardt-Gramatté Competition in Voice.

Violinist **Etsuko Kimura** was born in Japan and obtained both her Bachelors and Masters Degree in music performance at the Osaka College of Music. In 1993 she came to Canada on a scholarship from the Rohm Music Foundation to study with Lorand Fenyves at the U. of T. A prize winner at the Sziget International Violin Competition, Ms. Kimura was concertmaster of the Kobe City Chamber Orchestra in Japan until 1997. She has given many solo recitals and performances with orchestra.

Pianist **John Kruspe** studied with Douglas Bodle and Anton Kuerti. A U. of T. Faculty of Music graduate, he is a member of the teaching staff in the Theory and Composition division.